

THE DOLL MAN

541



10¢

Quarterly
WINTER ISSUE

**WANTED****"THE DOLLMAN"**

ALIAS DARREL DANE...

#4
BY ORDER OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER**DYNAMIC
STORIES**

THE DOLLS of DEATH
WANTED for SABOTAGE
THE CIRCUS of TEARS
DOCTOR THIRTEEN



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HEY KIDS!

LOOK



64 *of* PAGES

THRILLING, EXCITING ADVENTURE

WHOOOSH!

RUSH TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND, WITHOUT FAIL!



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The
DOLLMAN
WANTED FOR
SABOTAGE



After each day, the sun slowly drops over a distant horizon; long shadows spread over the earth, a man's day ends... and we experience Twilight! After that, come those hours which bring dread to the hearts of many... that time when the cloak of darkness settles over us, and we watch breathlessly the falling curtain of
THE NIGHT!

TIME PASSES EVER SO QUICKLY, EVEN BEFORE WE COULD BEGIN THIS STORY. DOLLMAN WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SUSPECTED SABOTEURS... TRAITORS TO AMERICA! LET'S LOOK IN... AND SEE WHAT TAKES PLACE.



THE LEADER, A STRANGE MAN KNOWN ONLY AS THE NIGHT, DRAWS FORTH A DEADLY EXPLOSIVE...





A MOMENT LATER, AFTER THE VILLAINS HAVE MADE THEIR WAY TO SAFETY, THE METAL WORKS GO UP IN A SHIVERING BLAST!!



A SMALL FIGURE LIES SILENTLY IN THE RUINS...



THE LAW ARRIVES...!

THIS WAY, MEN!
HERE! SOMEONE
IS STILL IN THERE!

KEEP THOSE
HOSES ON
THE FLAMES,
MEN!



WE...ELL!
LOOK
WHAT'S
HERE!



YA DON'T
THINK...

WHY NOT? IT
WAS SABOTAGE
WASN'T IT?
DOLLMAN
IS HERE
AIN'T HE?



GUILTY!

THE
DOLL MAN
DID IT!

THE
DOLL MAN
BLEW UP
THE
PLANT!!



WH...WHAT
HAPPENED?...
MY HEAD FEELS
AWFULLY HEAVY!





AS THOUGH BY MAGIC DOLL-MAN VANISHES AND DARREL DANE SPRINGS UP TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

UH! PARDON ME!

VULPS!



DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW? WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

I DUNNO! I DUNNO!!



THE MORNING PAPERS HIT THE STREET CARRYING STRANGE HEADLINES...

DOLLMAN WANTED BY POLICE!!

DOLLMAN SOUGHT BY AUTHORITIES! BIG REWARD FOR HIS ARREST

AMAZING CRIME-FIGHTER TURNS TRAITOR!



AND IN A SWANK MID-TOWN CAFE

AND NOW LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OUR NEXT NUMBER WILL BE...



WAIT! WE BRING YOU A SPECIAL NEWS FLASH FROM THE WIRES OF O.R. ... **DOLLMAN IS WANTED BY THE POLICE!**



MEANWHILE AT DARREL'S APARTMENT, HE AND MARTHA ROBERTS, HIS FIANCEE LISTEN TO THE REPORTS...

THE PUBLIC IS SHOCKED BY THE REACTIONS OF DOLLMAN... UNTIL NOW IT WAS THOUGHT THAT HE WAS A FRIEND... BUT WE ARE WARNED THAT HE IS A DEADLY ENEMY ALIEN...

TURN IT OFF DARREL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!





VISITORS! AND UNWELCOME
ONES...





AGAIN THE NIGHT ESCAPES... IN THE VERY FACE OF THE BLAST!

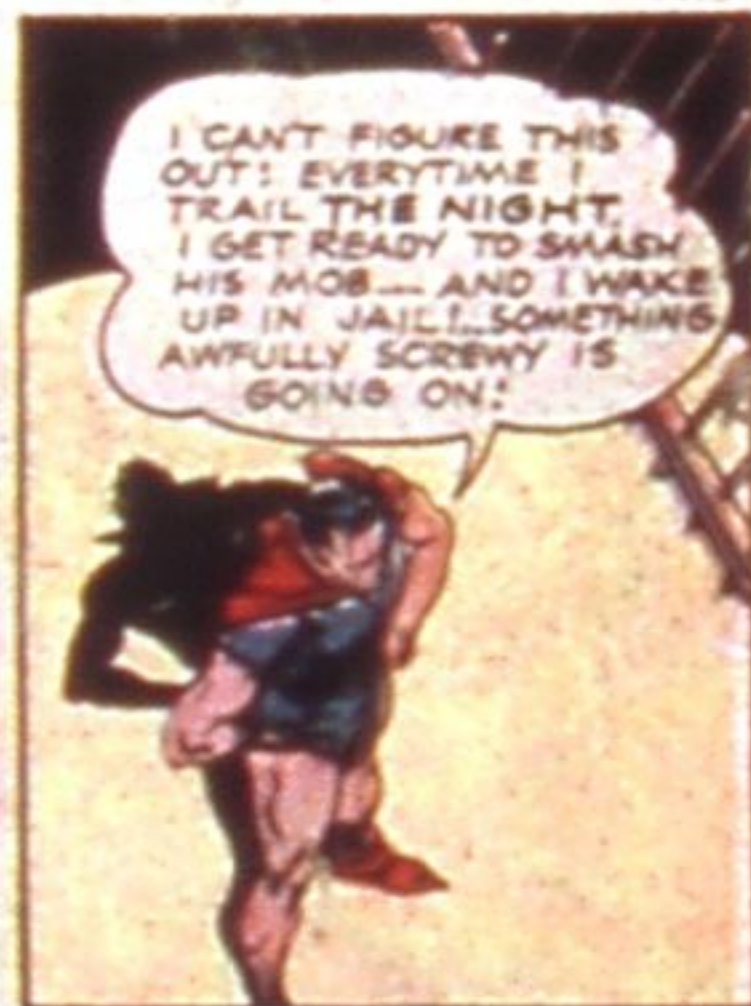


AS THE FLAMES SUBSIDE, THE POLICE-MEN ARRIVE ON THE SCENE, AND ONCE AGAIN FIND THE DOLL MAN!





HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF ONCE MORE. THE DOLL MAN IS REVIVED ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF...



I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT: EVERYTIME I TRAIL THE NIGHT, I GET READY TO SMASH HIS MOB... AND I WAKE UP IN JAIL!... SOMETHING AWFULLY SCREWY IS GOING ON!



THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF BEATING THE NIGHT... IF I COULD ONLY STEER CLEAR OF THAT DREAM GAS?



I CAN STAY CLEAR OF THE GAS!... I'VE FOUND A WAY TO GET OUT AND STOP HIM!



THE DOLL MAN IS NO MORE...
IN HIS PLACE STANDS DARREL DANE



HEY! WHAT GOES ON
HERE! LET ME OUT!

THAT OUGHT
TO GET HIM!





THE MAYOR IS IRATE....



AT THE SABOTEURS DEN...



WE'LL USE OUR USUAL METHOD OF GETTING IN... BY UNDERGROUND. THE DOLL MAN WILL BE SURE TO BE THERE... AND I'LL GIVE HIM A DOSE OF THE DREAM GAS DURING THE CONFUSION... I'LL SHOOT HIM... AND THE COPS WILL GET A CORPSE...!



YOU SEE... FROM THEN ON... THE DOLL MAN WILL BE NO MORE... HE WILL HAVE DIED A VILLAN AND A RAT... (CHUCKLE... CHUCKLE...) THE NIGHT ALWAYS PLAYS A WINNING HAND!!



LATE THAT NIGHT, THE BRUIN MUNITION WORKS IS A VERITABLE FORTRESS OF POLICEMEN



INSIDE THE SILENT FACTORY, THINGS BEGIN TO HUM...

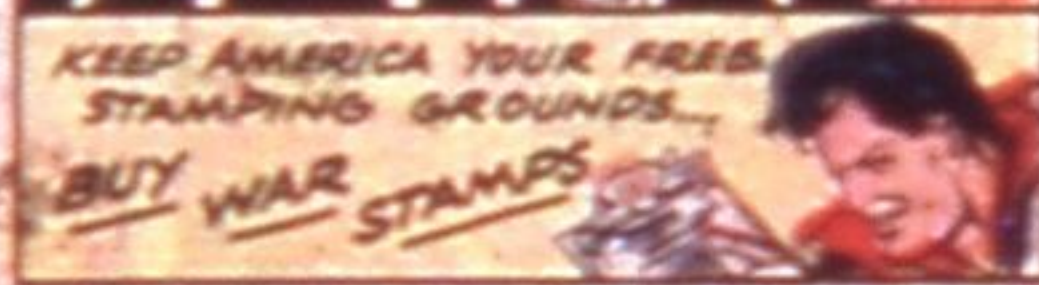


THE NIGHT COMES AGAIN...!





SOMEWHERE UP THE RIVER, ONE MAN SWears VENGEANCE ON THE THIEF AND NIGHTMARE CRIME-FIGHTER OF THEM ALL!



The DOLL MAN

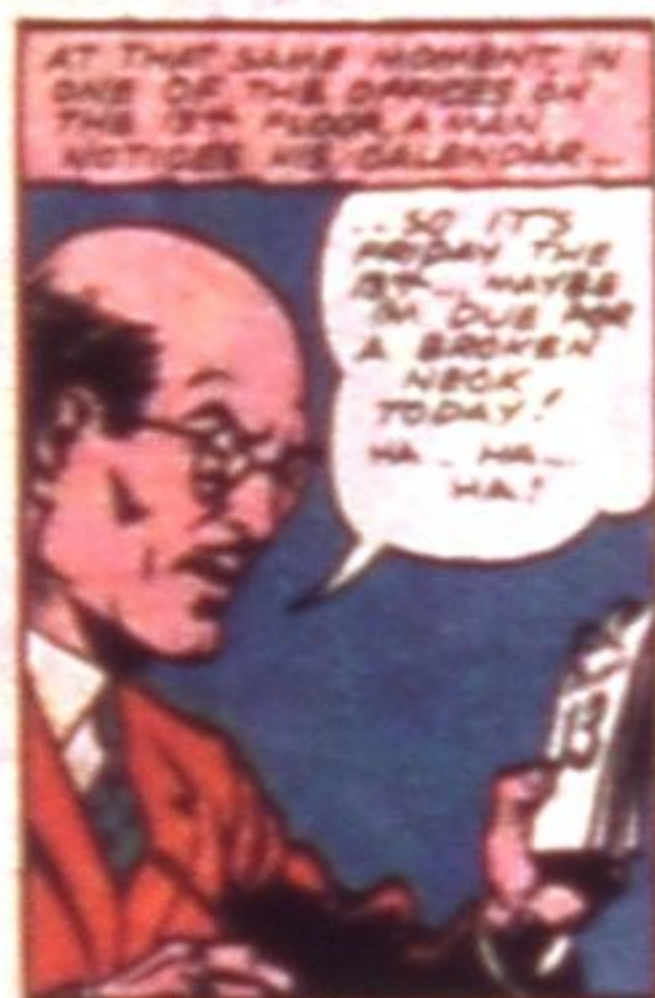


WHO OF US DOES NOT SHIVER A LITTLE WHEN A BLACK CAT CROSSES OUR PATH... OR WHEN A WINDUP WHISTLES... OR WHEN BEHIND THE 13TH FLOOR... SUPERSTITION... YES... OR SO THEY THOUGHT... ON THE 13TH FLOOR OF THE JINKS BUILDING UNTIL AN ALARMING SERIES OF ACCIDENTS ALL ADDED UP TO THE... THE CURSE OF THIRTEEN! AND THAT WAS THAT GHOSTLY FORM THAT STALKED THROUGH THE HALLS BRINGING BAD LUCK AND DEATH KNOWN ONLY AS... DR. THIRTEEN! THAT WAS THE QUESTION THAT EVEN CHILLED THE FIGHTING BLOOD OF THE DOLL MAN! THE MIGHTY MITE!

QUIET, ORDINARY CITIZEN DANIEL DANE ENTERS A BUILDING... ONE OF MANY IN A GREAT CITY.

THE JINKS BUILDING IS WHERE DR. ROBERTS TOLD ME TO MEET HIM.

THE JINKS BUILDING



IN THE HALL, DARREL DAVE HEARS THE NOISE...

CALLING FOR HELP! THAT'S THE CUE FOR THE DOLL MAN!



THE WORLD AT LARGE DOESN'T KNOW THAT QUIET CITIZEN DARREL DAVE CAN TRANSFORM HIMSELF INTO ANOTHER FORM... THE MIGHTY DOLL MAN!



I'M IN A HURRY... SO...



THE BODY SO... THE RUG SO... AND EVERYONE WILL SAY HE TRIPPED AND BROKE HIS NECK! JUST BAD LUCK!



THE TINY RURY BLAZES INTO ACTION!

HERE'S SOME BAD LUCK FOR YOU, PAL!



DR. THIRTEEN WHIRLS AROUND...



WHO HIT ME? WHERE ARE YOU? NO MATTER HOW BIG YOU ARE, I'LL CRACK YOUR SKULL!

ANNOYED? THEN THIS WILL MAKE YOU SEE RED!



GLUP! SPUTTER!



DR. THIRTEEN'S SPIKED CLUB DESCENDS,
BUT HUMBLE DOLL MAN IS ALREADY AWAY!

YOU LITTLE
PIPSQUEAK, I'LL
FLATTEN YOU!

TALK
IS
CHEAP!



WHEN YOU'VE
HAD ENOUGH
BLUE EYES...I'M
TAKING YOU TO
THE POLICE!

BEATEN BY THE HALF-PINT
HURRICANE, DR. THIRTEEN DATA-
PULTE OUT OF THE WINDOW...

OH NO, YOU
AREN'T!

DOLL MAN HASTILY PEERS
OUT, BUT TO HIS SURPRISE,
HE SEES
NOTHING.

WELL, I'LL
BET HE JUST
VANISHED!

HA HA! FLATTENED
AGAINST THE WALL,
HE DIDN'T SEE
ME! HA! HA!
HA!

AND DR. THIRTEEN, LIKE A
HUMAN FLY, CRANKS MURDEROUSLY
TOWARD ANOTHER WINDOW!

NOW TO
VISIT ANOTHER
ROOM OF
THE
THIRTEENTH
FLOOR!!

MEANWHILE, POLICE ANSWER A
PHONE CALL FROM DARRYL DAVE,
WHO HAS REDUCED HIS NORMAL SIZE!

ACCIDENTAL
DEATH...TRIPPED
ON THE RUG...
POOR FELLA!

IT'S
FRIDAY
THE 13TH
GENTS
PRESERVE
US!!

NO! IT WAS NOT
ACCIDENTAL...IT WAS...

BETTER KEEP
MY MOUTH SHUT!
THEY WOULDN'T
BELIEVE
ME!

A MOMENT LATER, DARREL ONCE AGAIN TELESCOPES HIMSELF INTO THE DOLL MAN.



BUT DOLL MAN HAD BETTER PEEP THROUGH A FEW KEY HOLES, DR THIRTEEN MIGHT STRIKE AGAIN!

ANOTHER OFFICE ON THE 13TH FLOOR...



IT'S FRIDAY THE 13TH SALLY! YOU WON'T GET YOUR RAISE!

YOU GIRLS CAN'T SCARE ME... I'M GOING TO TRY!

BUT FIRST I'LL PRETTY UP A LITTLE FOR THE BOSS... MELT HIS HEART...



TAKE A LITTLE SALLY!



OH, YES SIR... I... ER... WAS ONLY... EEK! WHO ARE YOU??

DR. THIRTEEN, THE SPIRIT OF BAD LUCK, GIRLEY!



SEE? THIS MIRROR JUST BROKE... SEVEN YEARS BAD LUCK FOR YOU!



ALL IN ONE MOMENT, HA, HA! HA!

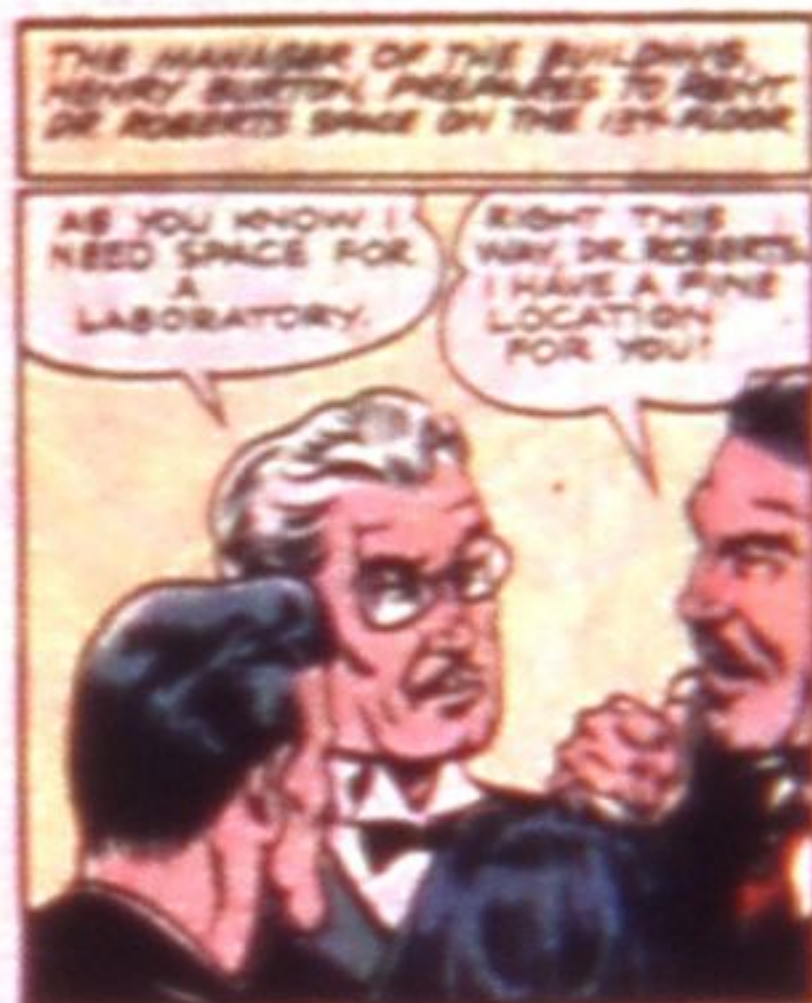
NO, NO, STOP!

BUT A TINY, UNNOTICED, FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE TRANSOM.

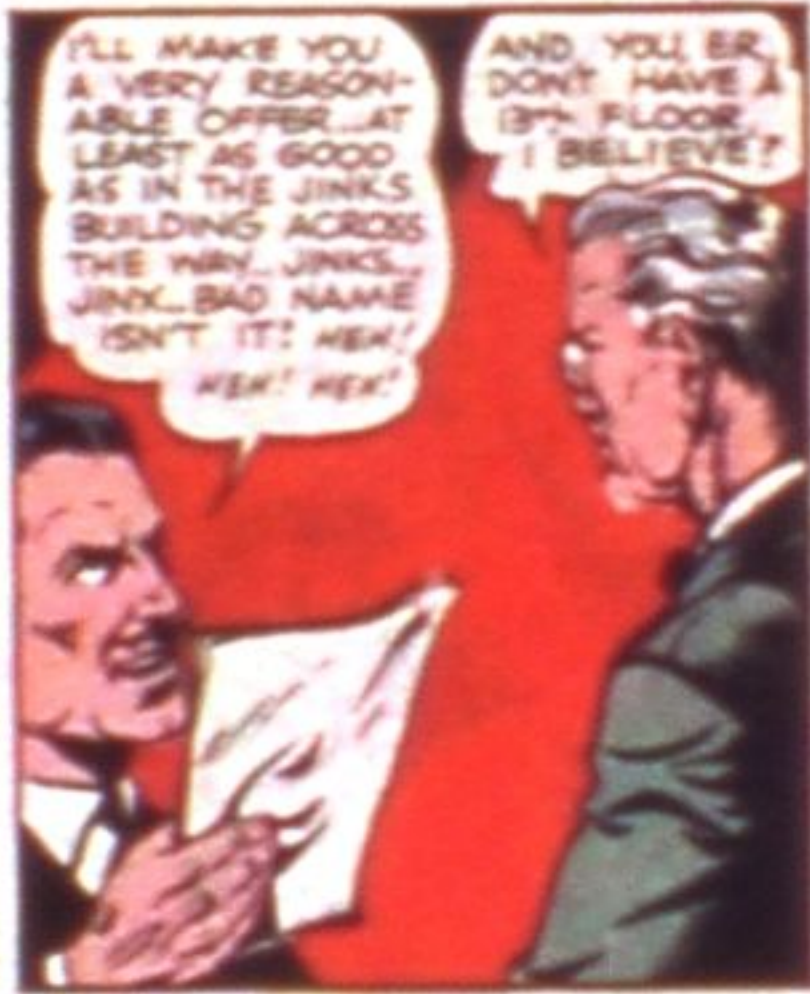


ANOTHER "ACCIDENTAL" DEATH IN THE MAKING! AH! HERE'S JUST WHAT I NEED TO STOP IT!!









IN THE SPACE OF A SECOND, DARREL, CHANGING TO THE DOLL MAN, TAKES UP THE CHASE...

THESE TELEPHONE WIRES SURE HELP OUT!



MEANWHILE, THE SINISTER DR. THIRTEEN CARRIES A STRUGGLING GIRL TO AN UNKNOWN ROOM...

EEEEEE!



I'LL TAKE THIS ELEVATOR!



BUT, BEFORE THE DOORS SQUEEZE SHUT...

TOO LATE TO GET IN THE CAR, BUT THIS CABLE WILL HELP!



THE CAGE BRINGS TO A STOP AT THE TOWER AND...

THERE HE GOES... OUT ON THE BALCONY!



HEARTLESS DR. THIRTEEN PREPARES TO DISPOSE OF HIS VICTIM...

PLEASE... PLEASE... DON'T!!



BUT, SUDDENLY, A POCKET-SIZE PUFFY SMASHES LIKE A BULLET, INTO THE CHEST OF DR. THIRTEEN!!





MEANWHILE, DOLL MAN TUMBLES DOWN... DOWN!... EVEN HIS GREAT COURAGE QUAILS, AS THE DIZZY DEPTHS REEL BY WITH EVER-INCREASING SPEED...



BUT A PIGEON FLIES BY, AND THE AGILE MANNIKIN IS QUICK TO SEIZE AN OPPORTUNITY...



THE DOLL MAN LEAPS FROM HIS FEATHERED STEED, TO A LEDGE ON THE 13TH FLOOR...



LATER, AS DARREL DAVE, IN THE HALLWAY OF THE PLAGUED 13TH FLOOR...



SOMEONE'S COMING!





THE MANIKIN OF NIGHT
EXERTS HIS FULL POWERS...



COME ON,
THIRTEEN,
OLD BOY!

HOW ABOUT A
LITTLE AIRPLANE
SPIN?



STOP! OH!
I'M DIZZY!



PLEASANT
DREAMS!

CRACK

THE BEARDED MAN TRIES TO
ESCAPE, MEANWHILE...

I'D BETTER GET
OUT OUT, WHILE
I HAVE THE
CHANCE!

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
MISTER!



WE'VE GOT DR. THIRTEEN.
WHO IS THIS BIRD?

MARTIN GORHAM,
RENTING AGENT
AND OWNER OF
THE EVEREST
BUILDING ACROSS
THE STREET!



MY BUILDING WAS HALF
EMPTY AND LOSING
MONEY. I FIGURED I
COULD SCARE AWAY
TRADE FROM THE JENKS
BUILDING, AND REAP
IT IN. SO I HIRED DR.
THIRTEEN, ONE OF THE
UNDERWORLD'S
CLEVEREST
KILLERS!



HEY LOOK! DR. THIRTEEN...
HE'S GONE!



HMM!... THAT
MEANS THE PATHS
OF DOLL MAN AND
DR. THIRTEEN, ARE
GOING TO CROSS
AGAIN, SOME
DAY!



FROM A CAPTURED AIRFIELD INSIDE CHINA THE JAPS BLAST AT THE DRAGON WITH DIVE BOMBING ATTACKS.



I HAVE A PLAN
AND IF WE PLAY
IT SMART WE CAN
SMASH THEIR
PLANES!

OUR JOB IS TO
PRESENT THE JAPS
WITH THIS RICE
WINE - THE DRAGON
SMART MAN!

OUR ARM BANDS
SIGNIFY WE ARE
FIFTH COLUMNISTS -
SO THEY
THINK!

AT THE AIRFIELD

TWO FIGURES
APPROACH!

HOLD FIRE!
THEY LOOK LIKE
WANG CHING
WEI-MEN!

WINE FOR THE
CONQUERING
SONS OF
HEAVEN!

WE THANK, REMAIN
UNTIL WINE IS TESTED
THEN SUPERIOR OFFICER
HAVE FIRST DRINK!

THIS WINE IS EX-
CELLENT! WE WILL
CELEBRATE OUR
LATEST VICTORY
OVER THE DRAGON
AND TORTURE A
FEW PRISONERS!

UGH! THEY
CELEBRATE IN
TYPICAL JAP
FASHION!

LET US DEPART -
OUR PART IS
DONE!

AW! THAT
WINE WAS
GOOD. NOW
MUST GUARD
PLANES!

WE FEEL SLEEPY.
WISH TO DREAM
OF NAGASAKI!

FINE! THE WINE
HAS CAUGHT UP WITH
THEM - NOW IS OUR
CHANCE!

FIRST WE'LL PUT THESE
RATS TO SLEEP
FOR GOOD!

WE'LL
USE THEIR
UNIFORMS!





A SURPRISE NIGHT
RAID! ORDER ALL
PLANES OFF THE
GROUND BEFORE
THEY ARE
DESTROYED!

CURSE THE DRAGON!
THIS IS HIS WORK—AND
THE PARTY WAS GETTING
GOOD!

T-TOO
MUCH
WINE!

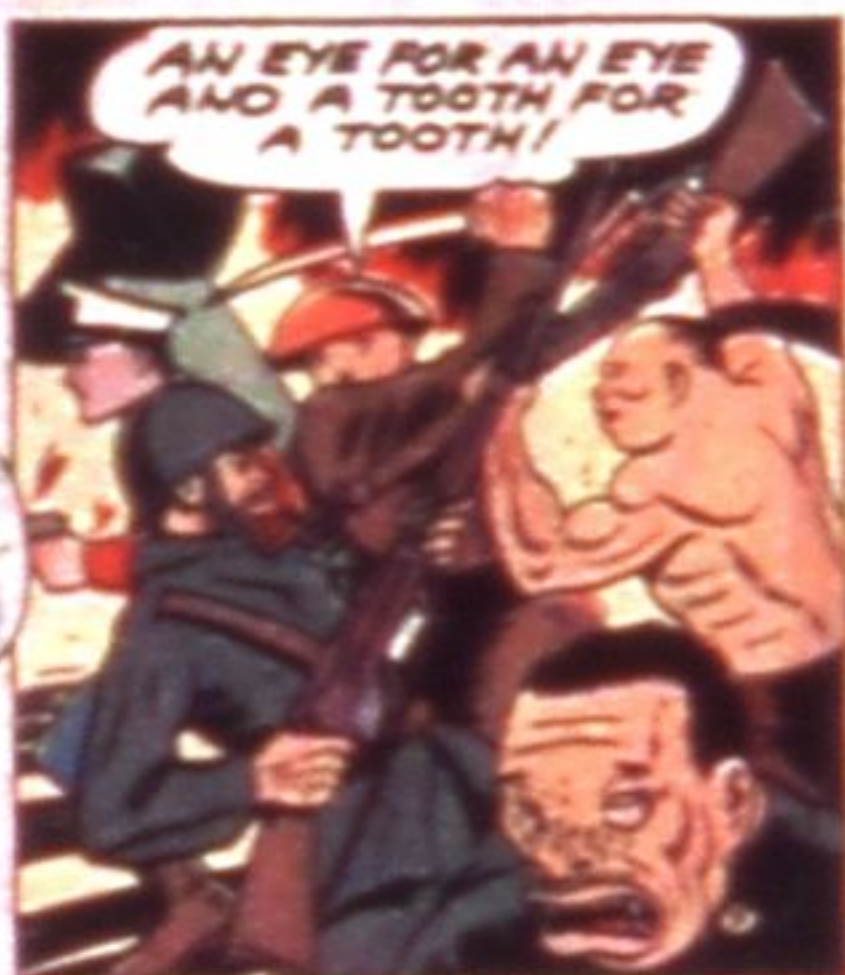
THEY'RE TAKING OFF—
THEY DIDN'T GET
WISE!

THE RICE
WINE MADE
THEM
CARELESS!



BUT AS THE PLANES TAKE OFF THE CABLE PULLS TIGHT
AND THEY CRASH INTO HEAPS OF FLAMING METAL COFFINS!

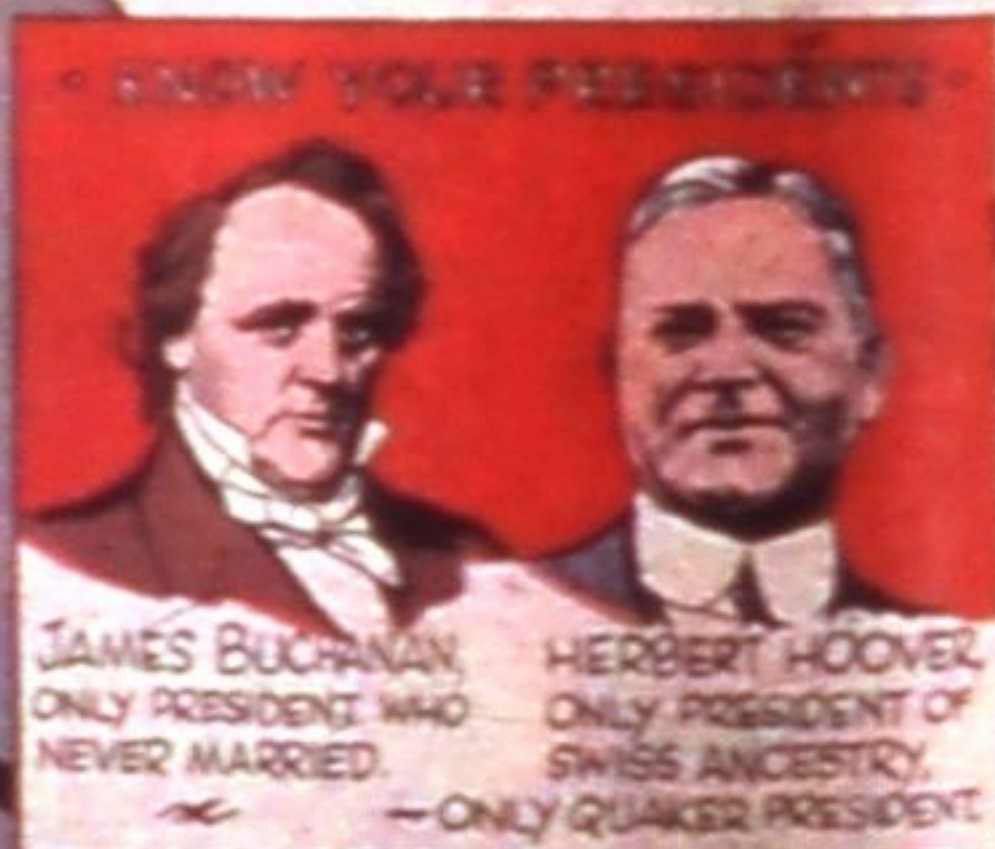




America - It's Worth Defending

THE \$22,500.00 SALVO

WHEN THE U.S.S. NORTH CAROLINA FIRES ITS NINE 16-INCH GUNS TOGETHER, IT SENDS 10 TONS OF METAL A DISTANCE OF 26 MILES AND COSTS THE GOVERNMENT AS MUCH AS IT PAYS HENRY A WALLACE TO SERVE AS VICE-PRESIDENT FOR 1½ YEARS.





standing!

by Feg Murray



**LIBERTY'S
HAND AND TORCH
HAVE BEEN IN AMERICA
8 YEARS LONGER
THAN THE REST
OF THE STATUE!**

(THE FOREARM, ETC., WAS
SENT TO PHILADELPHIA IN 1876,
THEN MOVED TO NEW YORK
CITY WHERE IT REMAINED
UNTIL 1884, THEN RETURNED
TO FRANCE TO BE PLACED
ON THE COMPLETED STATUE.)

ONE OF THE FINGERNAILS
OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY
IS APPROXIMATELY
THE SAME SIZE AS
THIS CARTOON —
10 X 13 INCHES.
(CARTOON 9 X 14 INS.)

STEPHEN DECATUR,
HERO OF THE TRIPOLITAN
CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BAR-
BARY PIRATES IN 1815, NEVER
DREAMED THAT THE NEXT TIME
UNITED STATES MILITARY
POWER WOULD BE FELT IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN IT WOULD
COME FROM THE SKY!
(127 YRS LATER, IN JUNE, 1942,
US BOMBERS ATTACKED AN
ITALIAN FLEET NEAR MALTA.)

THE

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I IN OUR
SLEEP-DROWING
MOMENTS, WE
SEE MANY
WILD AND
AMAZING
THINGS. WE
SEE
FRIGHTENING
THINGS...
HAIRY AND
UNREAL...
...SUCH WAS
THE CASE
OF THE
DOLLS OF
DEATH...
...SOME
SAY A MAD
GENIUS
IMPOSED
DREAMS UPON
HIS VICTIMS
... OTHERS
CLAIMED THEY
ACTUALLY SAW
THE DOLLS!
... READ ON
AND FIND
OUT THE
ANSWER
FOR
YOURSELF!



A MAN WAITS PATIENTLY IN FRONT OF THE WHITENAY THEATRE. HE HAS BEEN STANDING AN HOUR WAITING TO SEE THE GREAT MURKO.



AH, YOU'RE MURKO, THE GREAT MAGICIAN, I PRESUME...?



YES, BOTHERSOME ONE... I AM MURKO! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOT MONEY, JUST FAME!



BAH! YOU BEGGARS ARE ALL ALIKE!

WAIT... I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOUR ACT! PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!



SOMETHING FOR MY ACT, EH?... UM... THAT'S DIFFERENT!

OH SO GLAD! JUST WATCH MY DOLLS... JUST WATCH!



STRANGELY ENOUGH THE AMAZINGLY LITTLE DOLLS BEGIN DANCING...

HAVE YOU GOT THEM WOUND UP ON A SPRING?



NO... NOT SPRINGS! THE LIVE AND BREATHING! THEY'RE MY... CREATION!

INTERESTING, VERY INTERESTING, AND HOW WILL THEY FIT INTO MY ACT?



YOU'RE GIVING AN ARMY BENEFIT PERFORMANCE, GOOD! MY DOLLS WILL SEEM AN ACT OF MAGIC, THEY WILL THRILL THE AUDIENCE... I WANT NOTHING... JUST THAT MY DOLLS ARE... ER... BECOME FAMOUS!

GOOD ENOUGH, OLD MAN, I SHALL USE THEM TONIGHT!



THE DOLLS ARE LEFT WITH MURKO... AND THE STRANGER MAKES HIS WAY TO A SHABBY APARTMENT...



A PICTURE SWINGS BACK FROM THE HALL REVEALING A SECRET HIDING PLACE...



NOW I'M ALONE... I'VE GOT TO ACT SWIFTLY!

A SPECIAL PHONE CONNECTION WITH BERLIN!

I DID IT!... I INDUCED THE MAGICIAN TO USE THE DOLLS!

WELL... HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED YET??

NOT YET, HERR HITLER! THE BIG SHOW IS TONIGHT, BUT THE GENERAL WILL SURELY DIE THEN...

BAH! DON'T BOTHER ME WITH GUESSES! WAIT UNTIL HE'S DEAD... THEN CALL ME... GOODBYE!



THAT NIGHT THE WHITEWAY THEATRE IS FLOCKED BY CURIOUS CUSTOMERS WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO SEE MURKO, THE GREAT, PERFORM!



I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, DARREL! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE INTERESTED IN JUST PLAIN MAGIC SHOWS.

WITH GENERAL CASOWELL HERE IT'S NOT JUST A PLAIN SHOW!



HMM... SO THAT'S IT! YOU THINK THINGS ARE GOING TO HAPPEN HERE!

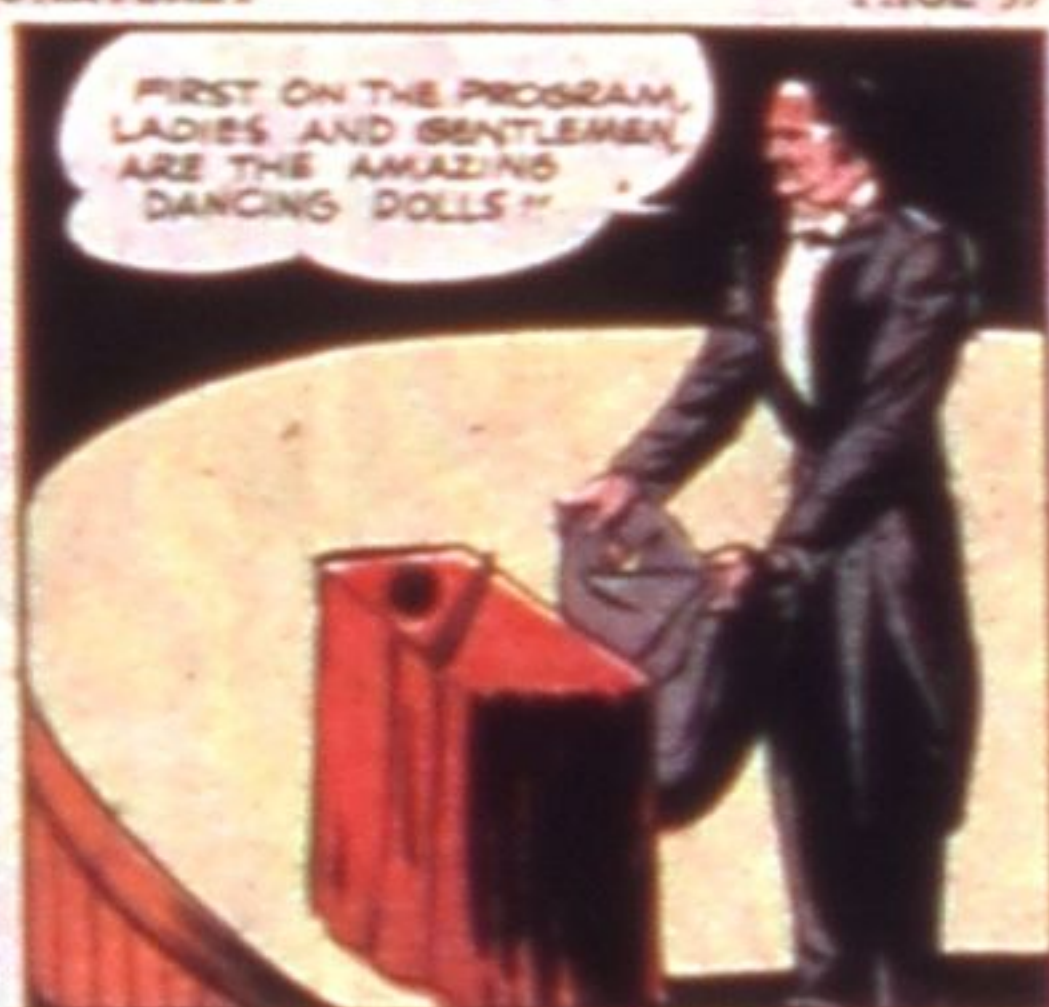
CAN'T EVER TELL!



TWO PLEASE!

IN THE CROWD ARE DARREL DAVE AND HIS FIANCEE, MARTHA ROBERTS





THEN THE WEIRD DOLLS BEGIN
DANCING NEAR THE EDGE
OF THE STAGE... AND...



AS THOUGH DRAWN
BY MAGIC, THEY
DANCE THEIR WAY
DOWN THE STEPS!



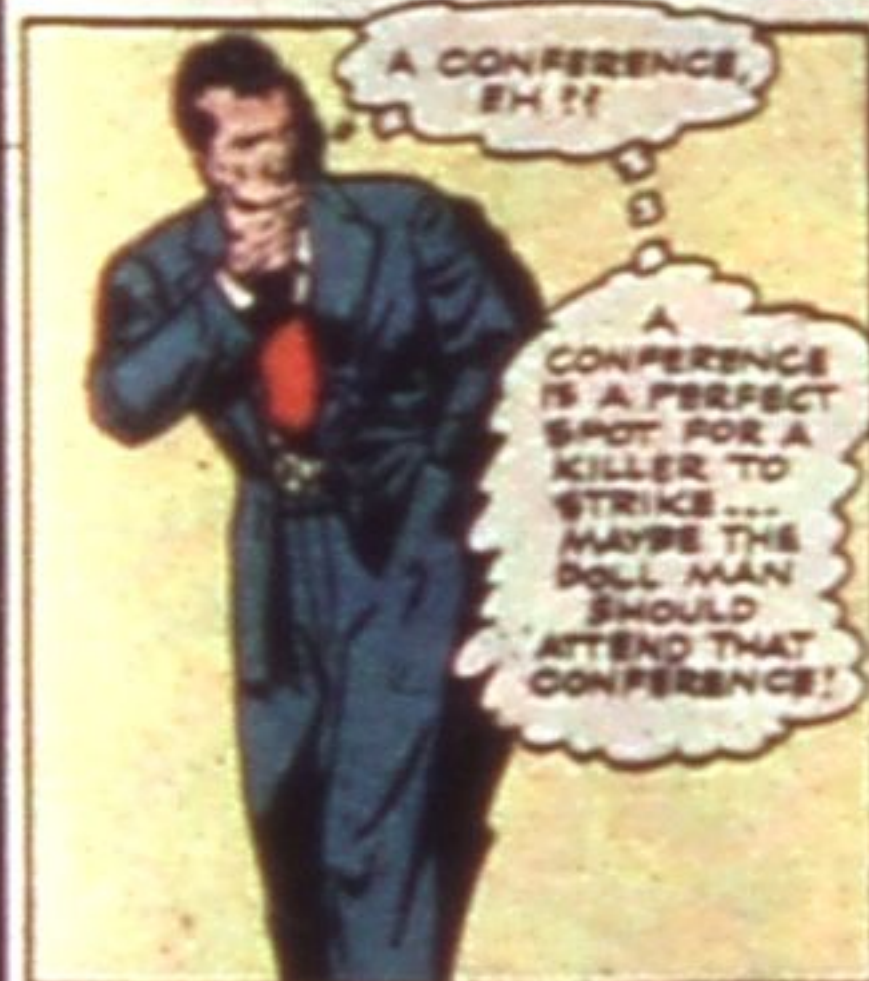
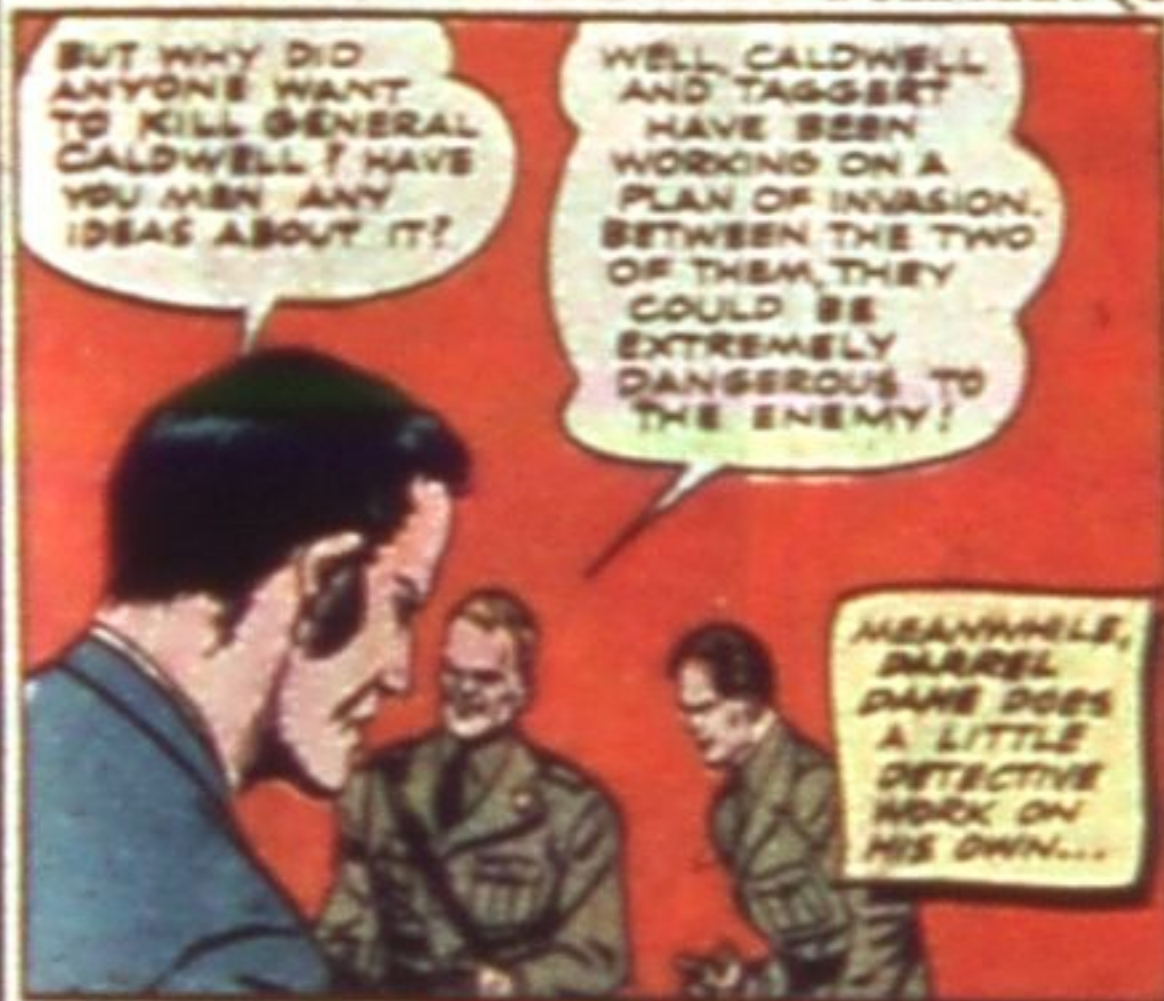






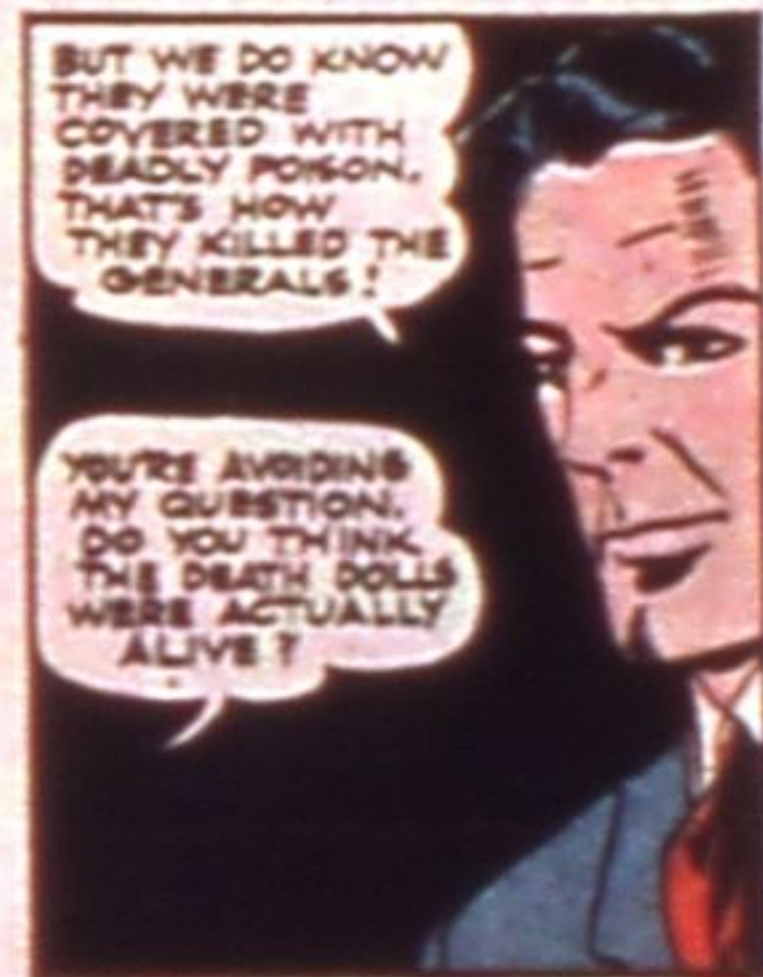












HEART OF A MILER

I HADN'T seen Savard since we ran the mile together at Western. I'd never liked him then. I didn't suppose I'd like him now. But he recognized me and I went down beside the track to speak to him.

"I hear you've turned up a miler," I said.

"Tonight," Savard answered. "Murphy is going to break the indoor record. This is Murphy's last race."

Savard had never been much of a miler himself. I understood why he was so interested in Murphy. He would use Murphy's performance to salve his wounded ego.

The timers came down onto the track and the last call went out for the mile. Murphy moved around the track officials and then, for the first time, I saw the other kid in Western colors.

"Who's the second guy?" I asked.

Savard shrugged. "His name is Ellison. Understand, now, I've got nothing to do with him. He talked the officials into letting him enter. You remember old Bill Ellison?"

"The only Western miler ever to hold the record."

"That's his son," Savard said. "He thinks he's got a chance."

"Has he?" I was interested.

Savard scowled. "Don't be silly. Look at his build. Short and dumpy. If he tries to follow the pace, he'll fold at the end of the first quarter."

Savard went over to talk to Murphy, but he nodded for me to wait. Murphy looked good. He was a tall, slender kid with nice legs. His eyes were confident.

The gun went off and Murphy set a blistering pace and got the pole. Savard came back and his eyes were gloating.

"We've planned everything," Savard said. His voice was that of the perfectionist, low, confident, close to my ear. "He'll do the first quarter in sixty. The second in sixty-one. Tonight, he'll leave all of his race on the track. He'll run through the tape and when it's over, he'll fall on his face. That's the way a mile should be run. Pour everything into the race and when it's over, you've got nothing left."

I watched the clock and I watched Murphy. At the quarter, he was a tenth under sixty.

"If he can keep that up," I admitted, "he's got a new record."

Savard seemed amazed that I should have even the slightest doubt. "He'll keep it up," he promised. "He's been groomed for this race. Scientifically. His diet has been right. His body is like a well-tuned motor. He knows his pace and what he must do. He'll do it."

I thought, for an instant, that Savard probably had a string of test tubes up there where his brain was supposed to be. The man was talking like a mad scientist. Still, he'd apparently left nothing for granted. I could imagine him, sitting beside the track, watching Murphy run, checking a long list of things upon a chart. That was Savard. The perfectionist.

The second quarter was an even sixty. Murphy was still out front. I glanced at young Ellison and I almost laughed. He

was floundering along in last place, fifty yards back. His stride was short and a little jerky. And then I saw his face. The grimness of it, the seriousness of it.

I didn't laugh. There was something about him. . . .

A reporter walked past us. "Murphy's running himself a race, Savard. But that other kid of yours is in trouble."

Savard's eyes were hostile and I could see something else. Savard, trying to argue young Ellison out of running. And Ellison, standing right up to Savard, telling him he wanted to run. I wondered if Ellison's old man were watching. Poor guy, if he was.

Savard was saying, "I'm not responsible for Ellison's racing. He never did better than four-eleven. I told him he was no runner. I didn't waste time on him. Look at Murphy. He did the third quarter in sixty-three. Now watch the last one."

Even though I hated Savard I had to admit that he had done well with Murphy. Murphy was lengthening his stride, rolling into the turn. Everything about him was perfect. His body motion, his stride, everything.

A Notre Dame boy began to move up. He challenged Murphy in the backstretch. But Murphy didn't even know the guy was there. At least, he didn't change stride. He just kept rolling and then, on the next turn, the Notre Dame runner dropped back, muscle bound by his own burst of effort. Murphy went smoothly around the turn.

And then I noticed Ellison. His stride was shorter, chop-

pier. He was beginning to sprint, a full three hundred yards from home. He passed one man, then another. The crowd was standing, now. It was like a race track crowd yelling a dark horse home.

It didn't look possible. Thirty yards separated them. But when young Ellison came off the turn, he'd cut it to twenty. He was pulling up. His legs were moving like pistons.

It was ten yards when they moved into the last turn and it was five when they hit the stretch. Murphy was into his kick sprint, now.

But Ellison continued to gain. They were two yards apart and then Ellison seemed to gather fresh strength for the final spurt. He passed Murphy two yards from the tape. Murphy crossed the line, then broke stride. He sprawled on the track as Savard had predicted, all of the race gone out of him.

I looked at the clock. It was a new record.

Savard was standing there, muttering to himself, staring at Murphy with a kind of fascinated horror. "I don't understand. We planned everything. His diet. His stride

BOYS!

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"Savard," I cried, "was Ellison's old man here tonight?"

Savard stared, blankly. "Yes, he's up in the stands." I don't even think he knew he was answering me. He shook his head. "We planned everything." He seemed to see me for the first time and his eyes were bewildered. "What did I forget?" he pleaded.

"Savard," I said, "you forgot just one thing. You forgot to take into consideration the thing that's in a miller's heart." I was looking at Ellison as I said it.

Savard shook his head. "All but his heart." His stare was blank again. He kept muttering it over and over. "The heart, the heart..." He couldn't get over it.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1911, AND MARCH 3, 1907, OF THE DOLL MAN QUARTERLY published Quarterly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1942

Name of Owner: Louis J. Kurlanvey
Country of Ownership: U.S.A.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Business Manager of the DOLL MAN QUARTERLY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the time shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1911, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1907, entitled to section 37, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher, Cassin Fawcett, Inc., 212 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Gilbert Fox, 122 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 122 Main Street, Old Greenwich, Conn.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Signed at and submitted before me this 21st day of September, 1942

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager

LOUIS J. KURLANVEY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1943.)

Sal Palooza



MY MAN...
THERE'S THE
LAST BLASTED
BELL THAT'S EVER
GONNA BOTHER
ME!





COME ON, KIDS...
THE CIRCUS IS IN TOWN.
THE DOLL MAN INVITES YOU ALL
TO JOIN HIM... BUT, THIS CIRCUS
MAY BE A LITTLE DIFFERENT...
YOU ASK HOW? OH... IT SHALL
HAVE THE USUAL MIDWAY OF JOY...
THE RING OF LAUGHTER... THE ANIMALS
AND THE CLOWNS... AH, YES, THE
CLOWNS... A PITY THAT LAUGHING SHOULD
BE AN UNUSUAL CLOWN... AND YET ITS
ONLY NATURAL THAT EVEN A CLOWN
WOULD HAVE EMOTIONS IN HIS HEART
LIKE LOVE, LAUGHTER, REVENGE,
HATRED... AND MURDER!! SCARED?
...DON'T BE... THE DOLL MAN WILL BE
WITH YOU ON YOUR ADVENTURE...
SO GO AHEAD AND READ THE
TALE OF THE

"CIRCUS of DEATH"

The
METRO-
POLITAN
OPERA HOUSE
ONCE HELD
THOUSANDS OF
PEOPLE, AND
WAS KNOWN FAR
AND WIDE FOR ITS
MANY OPERAS AND
WORLD-WIDE PER-
FORMANCES. LONG
SINCE IT HAS FALLEN
INTO SHAMBLES AND
DECAY AND IT IS NOW CALLED
THE GHOST HOUSE...

ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES
YOU WILL SEE WHY...

INSIDE THE OPERA HOUSE,
A LONG FIGURE TRUDGES
DOWN THE DUSTY AISLE...



...IT IS LAUGHING THE CLOWN,
SLOWLY HE CLIMBS
UP ON THE SILHET STAGE.



HA! THE SAME BUILDING...
THE SAME KIND OF A NIGHT...
IT SEEMS ONLY YESTERDAY
THAT I STOOD HERE, FACING
A HUGE CROWD!



I WAS LAUGHING,
THE GREAT. IN
THOSE DAYS PEOPLE
DIDN'T KNOW THE
MISERY WITHIN ME.
HA, HA, HA!! THEY
SAID IT WAS MY
JOB TO MAKE THEM
LAUGH!



YES AND I MADE
THEM ROCK WITH
LAUGHTER. WHILE I
SOBBED WITH DESPAIR,
THE CROWD LAUGHED,
HA, HA, HA!! BUT
THAT WAS BEFORE...



...THE CURSE
CAME!



YES, BEFORE THE
CURSE OF DEATH
STRUCK... SINCE THEN
EVERY SHOW HAS
PRODUCED AT LEAST
ONE DEATH... AND
NOW THE CIRCUS
IS MOVING IN...
I WONDER WHAT
WILL HAPPEN??

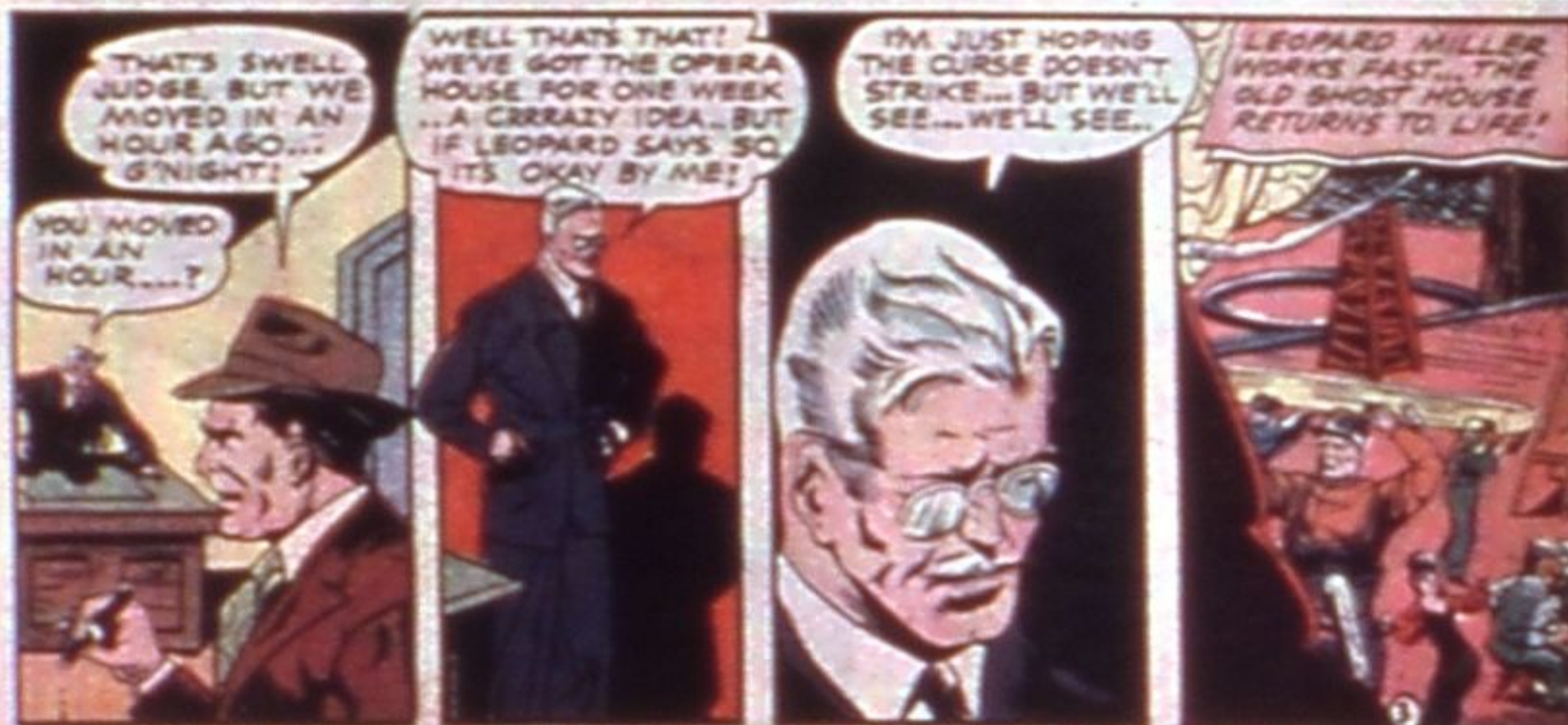


BUT WHY SHOULD
I WORRY, I'M LAUGHING
THE CLOWN... I'LL MAKE
YOU LAUGH THOUGH
I HAVE A BROKEN
HEART... I'LL MAKE
YOU LAUGH!!

LAUGHING IS ALONE AND NO ONE SEES THE
GLIMMERING TEARS FALL FROM HIS EYES...
HE TURNS AND DEPARTS INTO THE NIGHT.



THEY TAKE LEAVE OF LAUSHO FOR A MOMENT AND TURN TO A SMALL ROOM IN A NEARBY HOTEL. HERE JUDGE KABAL, CIRCUS OWNER, CHATS WITH HIS SHADY MANAGER... LEOPARD MILLER...













OKAY! WE'LL FORGET WHAT HAPPENED. I'LL HAVE THE POLICE DOWN TOMORROW TO CATCH LAJENO. EVERYBODY GET TO THE TENTS AND GET SOME SLEEP... THE SHOW OPENS TOMORROW!



OH... AH... YOUR BEDTIME, PAUL. LATE, ISN'T IT?

YES, GUESS IT IS... SEE YOU TOMORROW.



ONE MOMENT PLEASE... DELILAH...

??



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN SO SOON, MY DEAR T... I'M STILL WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWER!

LEOPARD... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY... YOU KNOW THAT I'M... I'M...



YEAH... I KNOW! YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH THAT FANCY DAN MONKEY, BUT YA' AIN'T GIVING ME THE RUN AROUND!

PLEASE...! LET'S DISCUSS IT SOME OTHER TIME...!



OKAY... SOME OTHER TIME!

IF THERE IS ANOTHER TIME!!



WELL... HOW MANY OF THESE LUGS ARE IN LOVE WITH THIS GAL?!



ALL IS QUIET IN THE VAST ARENA... A TINY FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE CENTER AND LEAPS FOR AN OVERHANGING ROPE...

THEY'VE ALL LEFT. NOW I CAN FINISH THE INVESTIGATION!!



YES...! ALL HAVE GONE EXCEPT ONE!



THAT SETTLES IT... JACKSON WAS MURDERED!



BUT THE MURDERER WAS AFTER PAHL... AND HE MISSED... NO DOUBT HE WILL HANG AROUND TO SEE IF HE CAN STILL GET RID OF PAHL... THAT'S WHY THE SHOW SHOULD GROW MORE INTERESTING



DASHING FROM THE EMPTY SHADY ARENA...

BE BACK TOMORROW... WHEN THE SHOW OPENS!



ANA!! THEN THERE WAS A TINY MAN! BUT HE WON'T BE OF ANY BOTHER... NOT AFTER I FINISH WITH HIM!



LAUGHO

BIG CIRCUS

OPENS TODAY!

STARRING
DELILAH...
The Beautiful
PAHL...
OF THE STRATOSPHERE
FIVE Big Animal Acts

ON COME THE PEOPLE...
FLOCKING FROM FAR AND
NEAR... ONE ATTRACTION
IS THE CIRCUS... THE OTHER...
THE CURSE!...



DARREL,
I'M ALMOST
AFRAID OF
THIS PLACE!

DON'T BE...
THIS CURSE
STUFF
IS ALL
HOOEY!!



STAY HERE,
MARTHA... I'VE
GOT TO SEE A
PAL OF MINE I
JUST SPOTTED
DOWN BELOW!

DON'T
BE LONG!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
THE BIG SHOW IS ON! FIRST ON
THE PROGRAM IS A DARING
LADY WHO RIDES WILD HORSES...
WE PRESENT

DELILAH



IF I CAN'T
HAVE HER...
NOBODY CAN!



THE REPORT OF AN
AUTOMATIC RINGS
FORTH... ONE OF THE
HORSES REARS
THROWING ITS BEAUTI-
FUL RIDER...



LAUGHO!
HE NEARLY
KILLED THE
GIRL!











BACK IN THE DESERTED ARENA...

SEE, DIDN'T I MAKE THEM LAUGH... LAUGHO, THE CLOWN... HA... HA... UP... PAUL... DELILAH... CAN YOU HEAR ME? HA... HA...



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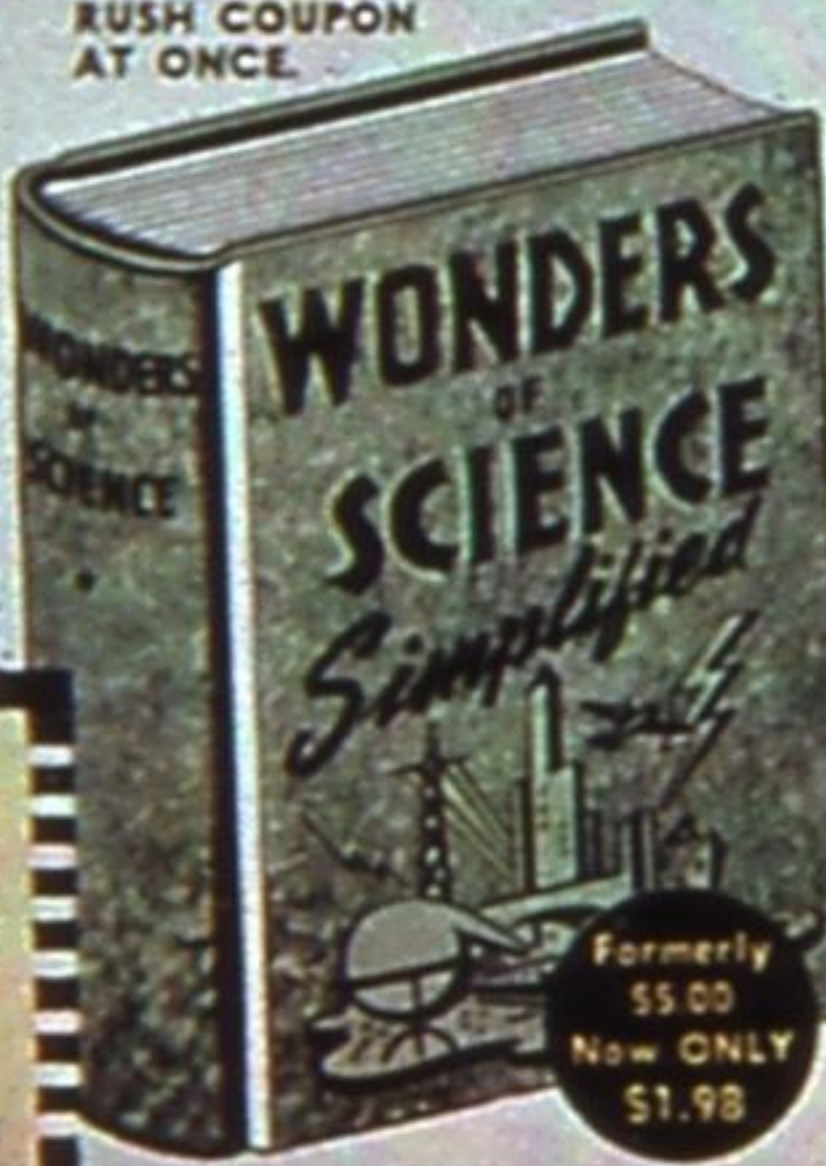
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